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MISSIONARY LINK

FOR THE

Woman's Union Missionary Society of America

FOR HEATHEN LANDS.

VOL. 4. *NOVEMBER, 1871.* No. 12.

With great joy we have the gratifying intelligence to communicate that four new missionaries have been just sent abroad as our representatives. One of them has gone to a fresh field, where hitherto as a Society we have had no personal interest, and will commence in Athens, that ancient city of culture and learning, a Christian school for girls. Three others have joined our working corps in India, two going out as medical missionaries, hoping by gentle ministrations to sick and suffering bodies, to reach the precious souls which only the Great Physician can heal. We can not refrain from repeating to our readers their farewell words, which find an echo in every heart: "Pray earnestly for us."

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

REPORTS FROM OUR MISSIONARIES.

INDIA--Calcutta.

Extracts from the Letters of Miss Brittan.

A DAUGHTER'S GRIEF.

I have a little school of twenty-six pupils, about three miles outside of Calcutta, in a small native village. The native teacher

teaches here every day, and I superintend her once a week. This school is composed of grown women and children, more than half of the pupils being married, or widows. In that village the women have a little more liberty than they have in the city, and, although they cannot go out into the public roads, yet they may go into their gardens, or into another house close by the school. The woman who teaches this school is a native, one of our former pupils. She is not a professor of Christianity, but she reads and studies her Bible daily, and teaches "Line upon Line," "Hymns," and "Catechism" to her pupils, and explains it to them, so that they can answer my questions when I go there. I do not like to employ any but earnest Christians if I can help it, but we cannot get enough of them. Then I know very often our Sunday-school teachers are not professing Christians at home; but we believe if they are willing to teach God's Word, He may make use of them for His own glory; so we trust He may help these poor women, that in teaching others, they may themselves be taught. This little school I have only had in operation about three months, but they are improving greatly. Yesterday, when I went, I found only about half my pupils present—there are about twenty-six—and on inquiring the cause, I found that many were sick with fever or had sickness in the house. It is a very sickly season this year among the natives; we have had so much rain that there is fever everywhere. They told me one bright woman, a widow, about thirty years of age, my very best pupil, had just lost her mother with fever. Before I closed school, however, she came in; looking so sad. I spoke to her about her mother, and found that she was not dead, but dying, and they had taken her down to the Ganges to die. You know the water of that river is considered very holy, and if they can die by the side of it, with their feet in its sacred waters, it is supposed that all their sins contracted in a former life will be washed away. The poor Hindoo believes he has been born many times into the world before his present life, and all the troubles he has, he thinks are the result of sins formerly committed. I asked the widow when they had taken her mother to the Ganges, she said, "Yesterday; she has been there twenty-four

hours now. They let me go down in a palky, and stay there beside her for some time, and I have just come back, and she is yet alive." But I said, "Who took her there?" "Oh!" she answered; "all the old people said she must go there at once, when the doctor decided that she was dying." "But," I said, "did you want her to go? did you think it would do her soul any good to go there?" She burst out crying, and wrung her hands. "Oh, no! oh, no!" she answered. "I wanted them to let her stay, and allow me to take care of her, but they said no, she must go to the Ganges; but, as I am a widow, and love my mother so much, they said they would be good enough to let me go and stay by her for some time, and now they have sent me home." "Who is with her?" I asked. "My uncle, her brother." Again I asked her, if she thought it could do her mother's soul any good to be there? "No, no! we young ones know better than that; but it is the old people that keep up the customs." Again she sobbed and wept, not in the excited, wild way these people generally do, but in a quiet, subdued manner. What could I do? What comfort could I give the poor woman? I could only mingle my tears with hers, and tell her to pray to God to have mercy on her dear mother. I could give her no comfort by telling her that she might hope to meet that dear mother again, in the home the dear Saviour has prepared for those that love Him. For even if she should now learn to know and love that dear Saviour herself, her poor mother is dying without any knowledge of Him. I never felt so helpless in my life to impart comfort. Oh, how fearful is this life, but how terrible is death without knowing God as our reconciled Father in Christ!

ANOTHER SIGN OF THE TIMES.

It is often very hard for missionaries to write letters home, for good Christians are constantly looking for results. They forget how, in Christian lands, a pastor or Sunday-school teacher may labor for years without seeing any results. I read a few lines in one of our secular papers which I wish all friends of missions would read and think over: "A fine old English statesman was in the habit of saying of any great State botheration, 'Cannot you let it alone.' If the labor of missionaries was let alone, to work

its quiet and earnest way, in the morning sowing its seed, and in the evening withholding not its hand, and was not expected to produce proselytes, it would be infinitely more satisfactory and far nearer the end of the Great Master's life." But whenever we do see anything like breaking down of old superstitions, we hail it with joy. One of our city missionaries who spends the most of her time visiting hospitals, told me that a few weeks since the physicians advertised for native women to come and be taught as nurses. They would take none but those who could read. Among others, some of our old pupils have applied; and, strange to say, they are women of high caste. Formerly no woman but those of the lowest caste could perform such offices. Is not this an advance? Surely we can feel our labor has not been in vain.

THE STEADFAST BELIEVER.

K——, the little widow who was baptized some years ago, and who has been working with Miss Wilson at Allahabad, has returned to Calcutta, to be near her mother. She is now engaged diligently teaching the new comers in our Orphanage, and assisting Miss Caddy. She visits at her father's house every Saturday, and the family do all in their power to shake her steadfastness. I feel sorry for her poor mother, who is so firm a believer in Hindoo superstitions. She has just gone on a pilgrimage to Poorie, where the great temple of Juggernaut is, to try and make an expiation for her daughter. How little Christians at home, realize what those have to suffer who become Christians here. I have often thought since I have been in this land, that the evil One has learned well by former experience. If the persecutions of Christians here were short, sharp and cruel, very many would come forth and make a profession. For a sharp, bitter persecution, in which the sufferer is made a martyr and hero, is far easier to bear than a life-long disgrace. A painful death can better be borne in a martyr spirit than a life of obloquy, scorn and disgrace. When will the time come when the Lord will take to Him his power and reign over the whole earth.

MISSION WORK IN THE JUNGLES.

Two German missionaries have been staying with us a few days,

who are engaged in teaching our blessed Gospel to the Santhals, a wild tribe in the jungles. Their work is truly a pioneer mission, for they are surrounded by dense woods, where tigers, bears and snakes abound. Yet even in this dreary region they have planted the standard of the Cross, and are gathering from these wild hordes of savages, followers of the Lamb. They are not such gross idolaters as the heathen around them, for they do not worship hideous images, but the manes of departed spirits. Last Christmas, at one of their prayer-meetings, one of the native Christians said, speaking of themselves, "We must be like a city set on a hill, built on the top of it, and on all sides a gradual slope to the plain. We must be built up, so that all may see us; ours must be a clean, well-kept and well-watered city. The ground on which we must be built, and the water flowing through it, must be the Lord Jesus Christ. We must beg the Holy Ghost to water it and keep it clean, but we must watch that no weeds grow there. Then our little city on the hill, our church of God will look so beautiful to those outside, that many will want to come and live there with us." This poor, uneducated savage, evidently understood the meaning of these precious yet solemn words of Jesus.

Extracts of Letters from Miss Ward.

SOWING SEED.

Now that I am fairly at work, you will want to know what, as your representative, I am doing. The monthly report handed in to-day stood as follows, viz: fourteen houses and one school, thirty-six pupils, as total. But in teaching the thirty-six, I must probably give instruction to five or six times that number; as the women of the family gather around to hear the lesson which is given to the one or two, and we frequently get more answers from those standing around than from the pupils themselves. One house in particular, where I have a little Bo of about fourteen, who is very bashful, and I have thought, sometimes, rather unpromising, often when questioned on the story given, seems to have forgotten all of it. But the women of the family, especially the head mother, or "Tucko-ma," answers quickly, and generally

correctly. The visit I paid to this house last week quite encouraged me. We entered the door by the street, passed through the apartments allotted to the male members of the family, through the open court, around and up the narrow stone staircase leading to the rooms of the women. As usual, to give notice that I am coming, I called, "Bo, Bo," but receiving no answer, we walked on to the little room belonging to her, seated ourselves on the chairs, which had been placed with care for us, and waited for some time. Just as I told my interpreter to go and see if she could find my pupil, I looked around, and caught sight of a sleeping figure lying on a bed made up on the floor in one corner of the room, and recognized my pupil. I awoke her, and she seemed so surprised to see me, that for a time she forgot her timidity, and seemed more interested in her lesson than ever before. She is learning only words of two or three letters, as she has only been reading for a few weeks. I imagine she is the wife of some important member of the family, as she has great deference paid to her.

She is dressed quite expensively, wearing under her chudda a sack (which is a garment seldom seen) of green and white brocade, and quantities of jewels in her nose and ears, on her arms and ankles. Some of the women wear five or six earrings in each ear. They have a succession of holes bored all along the outside of the ear, two or three in the nose, sometimes with a large gold hoop reaching below the chin, and strung with pearls and precious stones. I think I have seen as many as fifteen bracelets on one arm, some of weight, and set with precious gems. They think it a safe investment for their money, and as their dress is of necessity plain, they show their wealth in this way. We had just commenced the lesson, when one of the men sent to say he must get some bottles packed up on a shelf in that room. As soon as the man entered, the women turned their backs and covered their faces with one end of the chudda, and refused to speak until he had gone out. We laughed at them for it, and they were as much amused at our wonderment as we were at their behavior. When I asked why they did it, I could get no answer, but that they were ashamed to have their faces seen, and that it was the custom.

The latter is the reason given for all things. I am obliged to be careful in giving my Bible lesson in this house, as it was with difficulty the pupil received permission to learn; the father-in-law fearing she would hear of the new religion. Of course, I give the Bible lesson, as it is well understood that we will not teach in those houses where we cannot do this; but I avoid using the word religion and a few other terms which are especially distasteful to the Hindoos. The men in this house come and stand outside the door when they imagine they are not seen, and listen to the lesson. God grant that some word may reach their hearts and bring them to the knowledge of the true God.

INCREASE OF WORK.

I was quite surprised at the magnitude of the work. Last month there were over seven hundred pupils, and there are between forty and fifty native teachers employed. New zenanas are being continually opened, and there is no danger that there will not be work enough for all who can come to us. One of our pupils, who was formerly one of Miss Brittan's, and farther advanced than any other that I have seen, said that she wished to commence the New Testament, and understand it thoroughly. She thought she would not attempt the Old Testament, as it was so large; but she seems pleased to refer to it, and when I turn back to the prophecies concerning Christ, she thoroughly understands them. Although the women are usually bright and intelligent, she is especially so. I think she is a Christian at heart, although she does not acknowledge it before men.

Sometimes the women make many pretences to avoid the lesson about God. I do not like to force them too much, but I always teach them enough to learn the way of salvation. Again, I have some women who seem very anxious to learn, and when I am talking to them they will lean forward in their earnestness to hear every word, and tears will come to their eyes as they tell me they want to pray to God, they want to worship Him, but they are afraid to.

Do you pray earnestly for us? We need it. We may work, but if the Holy Spirit comes not, it is in vain. India

is in a transition state. We have at times encouragement, and many more times discouragement. The women seem so hedged in by superstition, as well as by fear of consequences, that it will be long before they can break away from idolatry. The older part of this generation must pass away, and then there will be a change. India must either be Christianized or left Godless. Now is the time for earnest prayer, work and faith.

NATIVE BRIDAL.

A few nights since we attended a native wedding. As it was at a large house, we had expected it to be quite a grand affair, but were disappointed. We were at first taken on the roof of the house, near the women's apartments, and were at once surrounded by many females, old and young. The little Bos, or wives, were loaded with jewels. One had twelve necklaces of different lengths around her neck, making her breast a mass of jingling gold; two or three bands of gold studded with gems around her brow, with pendants hanging over her ears. Her arms were almost covered, and her feet really made music wherever she went. Several carried shell-horns, which they blew long and loud, as the cry, "the bridegroom cometh!" sounded through the house. The room to which he was taken had a roof of cloth which had been ornamented with stars. We understood how easily a roof could be removed, when we read in the Scriptures of the man with palsy being let down through the roof at the feet of Jesus, because the place was so crowded they could not get in to him. The bridegroom was seated on a handsome cloth-mat in the middle of the room. He wore a gay red silk chudda, and around his neck were strings of white flowers. A high pointed cap covered with beads of silver and pearl, was on his head. Around him were the male members of the family. We, with the women, viewed these things through some blinds, which were near the roof of the room where the proceedings were going on, and which were on one side of the veranda where we were standing. The poor creatures crowded and peeped through the small opening, at the important affair, apparently getting as much pleasure from the sight as though they had been among the honored members of the family. After

staying here for about half an hour, where everything was in confusion, the bridegroom was conducted into the little court belonging to the women, and the bride's mother stood before him, holding a platter, on which was a small portion of their different kinds of food. She offered him some of each; then several of the women threw some dirt over him. When we asked why this was done, we could get no other reason, but that they were making a fool of him. After this, a basket platter, on which were several lighted tapers, was passed around him seven times, and then thrown over his head, and the people all rushed to see, thinking that they could read some signs of the future, from the sparks. All of this time the bride had not made her appearance, but now she was brought in on a board, which was carried by four men, I presume her own relations. The poor little thing was about ten years of age, gayly dressed. She had her face covered with both hands, and was carried around her future husband several times, and then was placed in front of him. A large white sheet was thrown over both, so that we could not see all that passed, as we were in the story above them; but we were told that they exchanged all their jewels, and the bride uncovered her face, and then the bride and groom looked at one another. Think of our little girls of ten in America being given away in marriage. After the sheet was removed the child remained a short time with uncovered face. Such a poor, dear, frightened little face! How can we be thankful enough that we were born and brought up in a Christian land. Our responsibility is so much the greater, for "to whom much is given, of him will much be required." It was growing late, so we left for home, not waiting to see the remainder of the performance. We were told that there was another ceremony, which was to take place in the hall of the men. The whole house was filled with impure air. There were such a number of tapers about, and with the smell of the oil and the thick cloud of smoke, we were almost suffocated. If you hear different accounts of weddings you must not be surprised, or think them untrue, for I understand that the different castes have different forms, and there are such a variety of nations here, each having a different religion with different gods.

ALLAHABAD.

Extracts of Letters from Miss Wilson.

MAGNITUDE OF THE WORK.

The census of this great city in which I am living reports it to have a population of 1,393,183, and as it is considered a very sacred place, there are very many pilgrims constantly coming to bathe in the Ganges; for the sacred river is here joined by the Jumna, and is deemed particularly holy.

Some writer, in a paper received from America not long since, asserts that all false systems of belief will be done away with before the next half century is past. I wish I could think so; but had he stood where I have, and seen a crowd of 70,000 people at once, with gay banners, music and all the indescribable adjuncts of an Eastern procession, rushing to the same place with their freight of poor deluded souls, perhaps he too would doubt if his prophecy would prove true. I know that God's power is infinite, and that he has promised to give "the heathen to His Son and the uttermost parts of the earth to Him for a possession," and this encourages me to labor on. But let no one delude himself with the thought that this great nation has heard of Christ, and that it is their own fault if they have not received Him. A friend who has been many years in India, says he will venture to say that fully one-half of the people in India have never heard of Jesus. But, blessed be God, there are some fruits for the labors of past years. It is but seventy years since the first convert was baptized by Dr. Carey, and now there are over 155,000 converts. We will thank God and take courage, for our labor will not be in vain in the Lord. If I may only help to sow the seed, I will trust to God that the sheaves will come, even if I never see them.

RAPID VEGETATION.

To-day I visited Darrahgunge, a distant part of the city bordering on the river Ganges. We reached the spot about six A. M., and passed throngs of natives on their way to bathe in the river. From the veranda of the house we could look out on the bed of the river, and the view would have been charming if it were

not for the associations connected with the scene. What was in the rainy season a wide and mighty river, gradually becomes narrower and narrower till it seems an insignificant stream in comparison. As the land becomes dry it is cultivated, and beautiful fields of waving grain soon take the place so lately covered with muddy water, and in an incredibly short time are ready for the sickle. Some was already being threshed in this way: the earth was pounded level and hard, and the sheaves were thrown on it, and a number of oxen walked in a circle to tread it out. As they occasionally caught a mouthful of the straw and wheat together, I thought of the merciful provision of the Jewish law that they should not be muzzled. I am constantly reminded of passages in the Bible by seeing the light that the customs of this people throw upon them. For instance in reading the parable of the Prodigal Son, we at home would not, perhaps, attach any significance to the words "and shoes on his feet," yet there is, perhaps, no more distinct mark among the people that shows whether a person is a servant in the family, than the fact of his wearing, or not wearing, his shoes. No servant would dare to wear his shoes in the presence of his master, and in the house.

RESUMING MISSION WORK.

To-day we have begun our visits again after having a few weeks' vacation on account of the hot winds. It is very pleasant to see the bright looks as we enter the doors and to hear how much we are missed. While at dinner this evening we were comparing experiences of the day. One had been asked if the lady's heart was stone to stay away so long. Another had dreamed that the lady would come that day, and had looked over her lessons to be ready for her. She feared that she had forgotten so much, that the lady would be discouraged and not come again. Another had gone into a neighbor's house, but her mother sent a servant to bring her back lest she should be disappointed in not seeing her teacher. The most of them had not looked into a book, as they said they could not get on alone; and two of them having forgotten some things that we had told them, said they were like animals without our instructions.

July 20th.—We have found in talking our work over to-day, that five or six of our pupils gave a plausible excuse for not wishing to read with us. The cause of this, we found was, that the native papers are full of a report that a woman who was taught by missionaries, had boldly come out and confessed her trust in Jesus, and her husband had followed her example. Last year there were public meetings and resolutions published in Lucknow after a like event, when the Babus said they would educate their wives themselves, or through some one who would not tell them of the religion of Jesus. After trying for a long time to find a proper person to teach them, they were obliged to ask the very ladies that they had dismissed to come to them, and then made no restrictions as to what should be taught. One of our ladies overheard two Babus in earnest discussion. One said: "We should try to awaken more respect in the minds of our women for our belief;" to which the other replied: "Oh, their English education destroys all faith in it at once."

Three of my pupils, who returned from a visit last week, requested me to come and teach them again. I sent Miss Thomas to see them, and when she returned with a happy face, I knew she had a good report of her day's work. She told me that as she started down a narrow lane, a servant came to her and begged that she would come and see her mistress, as she wanted so much that some lady should teach her to read. She found a neat and clean person with her books all spread around her, who exclaimed: "Oh, madam, I have prayed to God to send some one to teach me; I feared so much that I would forget all I had learned in Delhi. I told my husband many times to get a lady to come to me, but he said, 'How can I do this? I do not know any lady. Shall I ask any one I see to teach you?'" She opened her whole heart to Miss Thomas, telling her how kind the lady who had taught her in Delhi had been; how she had prepared her medicine and food for her, and that when her friends had reproached her for touching anything that a Christian had offered to her, she had told them that she wished they were all like Christians who were so good and kind. Miss Thomas then questioned her as to her knowledge of the Bible; and when she spoke

of Jesus' love, the tears came into the poor woman's eyes as she said: "I think very often of His great kindness in suffering so much for us." Surely God's ways are above our ways, for we little thought of thus meeting this poor woman who longed for a teacher that she might know how to read the Bible well.

NATIVE ADDRESS.

One morning when we were visiting some of our zenanas, we were very much surprised and gratified to receive the following address, which was copied for us in English:

"On the 33d of Bysack, at about seven in the morning, Honorable Lady Muir, together with Miss Wilson and other three ladies, having condescended to come to Babu S.'s house with a view of examining zenana-educated ladies under tuition of Miss Wilson, one of the ladies stood up and most humbly addressed the Honorable ladies to the following effect:

"'Our true well-wishers, Honorable Lady Muir, and Miss Wilson and other ladies!

"'We cannot remain silent without glorifying you with our sincere heart for the endeavor you are making so much, for our welfare and prosperity. We are ladies born of this country, whereas you are ladies of Europe and America. You had seen us, uneducated, lazy, unpolite, and filled with prejudice, and sympathised with us. You had by subscription collected money from your country, and brought it in our country for the establishment and improvement of Zenana lady-schools and girl-schools with a view only to make us educated. We are enjoying unlimited joy by getting the jewel of knowledge and wisdom. You are teaching us works of art and thereby saving us from the hands of idleness. We now hate to idle away our time and scandalize our neighbors, which is the general custom of our country. We are trying to be skilled in works of arts and good housewifery. You are, by your instruction, making us civil and polite. We are very anxious for changing the dress we now wear according to the custom of our country. You are driving away prejudice and error from our minds, by giving us religious instructions. We are becoming blessed by receiving gradually the light of true religion.

You are most honorable and glorious ladies. None but a fortunate may have a sight of you. You have been so very persevering to promote our welfare, that you are not afraid to come through bad-scented, narrow lanes to our dirty cottages. Thus the various things that you are doing for our good, defy all description. You have employed your body, your mind, your power of speech, for our good. And God will reward you. We do pray to Him that may He make all the holy well-wishers like you persevere after and execute the holy business of the world."

Extracts of Letters from Miss Melecksett.

NATIVE HOUSES.

The English part of this city is very pretty, for the dwellings are built in the centre of large compounds which have beautiful gardens, and out-houses for the servants. Low walls or myrtle hedges divide the compounds of each adjoining house. The roadsides, too, look very pretty. Large trees grow on either side of the road, and the branches meeting overhead, form quite a shady avenue for those who walk or ride in the heat of the day. This place is a great contrast to Calcutta with its houses built close together, and separated by high walls. You must remember that the foregoing is a description of that part of the city only where Europeans dwell. Now I will tell you how the native gentlemen live, to whose houses we go every day to teach their wives and daughters to read, write, and sew, but above all of the Great God and Jesus our Saviour. The native portion of the city is a great distance from the English portion. The houses the natives live in, with few exceptions, are very poor looking. We have to walk down long, dirty lanes to get to them, and the filthiness and wretchedness we generally see, make us feel very badly. Wild and half starved dogs roam about here, and when they see us coming they bark and howl in a furious manner. Generally the houses of the natives are in a most untidy state, for all they seem to care about is to keep their pots and pans clean and bright; but they care very little about personal cleanliness. The women are less cleanly than the men. They always deck themselves with jewels, but think nothing of wearing clothes till they are perfectly

brown. Often when we sit down on stools or chairs in their houses, our clothes are covered with vermin! I am telling you all this to show you how much need there is for us to educate the women of this country, and to teach them how to live. All the missionaries who teach these women, make it a point to tell them of the importance of keeping themselves and their surroundings clean and tidy. We are trying to teach them everything that will improve their condition, and we are very glad to find a decided improvement in those houses where we have been teaching for some time. You know, I suppose, that the women sit on the floor and eat with their fingers, when they take any meal; and I think it will be the work of years to teach them to sit on chairs, place their food on tables, and use spoons, forks, etc. I have about twenty pupils at present in the different houses I visit. It is very interesting to hear the eager questions they ask, and the answers they give me. Some of the ladies I teach are very old; one uses spectacles to enable her to see. I cannot give you a detailed account of all my pupils in this letter, but I hope to speak of each from time to time.

GOOD SUCCESS.

I had a school of little girls about two months ago, held in the house of a native lawyer, whose wife is the most lady-like native person that I have seen. The older girls read in the "Peep of Day," and "Line upon Line," and have a secular reading book besides. They spell out of the latter; learn Geography, Catechism, Hymns and pieces of poetry. They do small sums, and repeat the multiplication table, write from dictation, etc. After lessons are done, they sing their little hymns and are always pleased when it is singing time. Afterwards they sit down, and we teach them to mark on canvas. One of the children has commenced a pair of slippers. We close school by repeating the Lord's Prayer. Perhaps you will think these little children do very little, but you must remember that most of them are the children of heathen parents, and it is only very recently that little girls or women were considered worthy of being taught. The Hindoos think women inferior beings; they will spend a great deal of money to

have their boys educated, while they allow the girls to grow up in ignorance. But the case is altered now ; we are often told in our zenanas that when a native gentleman wants to look out for a wife for his son, the first thing he asks about any little girl who is said to be eligible, is : "Does she know how to read and write, and to make slippers, etc. ?" Education has done a great deal to elevate the men, and to show them that their "Shasters" (Holy or Religious Books) are not true, and there is no doubt that it will be a great benefit for the women of this land. It is already having some influence on those we teach. The last time I went to my school I began talking to the children about idol-worship, and asked them what they thought of their idols ; could they hear them if they prayed to them. When three or four of the eldest answered: "How can they hear us ; they are only made of mud and stone? we can do anything we like to them, and they cannot hurt us." Then I asked, "Don't you pray to the idols?" "Oh, no ; we pray to God," some of them said. Will you not pray for these little ones, that when they grow up and go away from their homes, they may by their example, influence others to serve the Great God our Creator and Saviour.

BLESSING FROM A SUDDEN DEATH.

The school was increasing, when the daughter of the "School-Bo." (as we generally call the native lady in whose house the school is held) was taken suddenly ill of cholera. Miss Wilson and I went to see the poor little girl, for we heard the parents were in great grief. On a wooden bed we found her quite insensible and sadly altered from the bright happy child I had left so well two or three days before. We tried to comfort the mother who had lost all hope ; she told me the child had refused to take food, so I went to her side and called her by name, when she opened her eyes in a startled way and looked at me, and took what I offered her four or five times. She had lost speech, but suffering was stamped on her face. The next day she died, and our native teacher who was present said her face wore a peaceful smile. We can hope that Jesus has carried her home to Heaven, and that her pains are ended. We were too late to see her be-

fore she was taken away to be thrown into the river, for you know the Hindoos do not bury their dead, but we found the mother wailing and weeping and her husband trying to comfort her. In agony she cried, "Oh! Ma'am, your little scholar is gone, I will never see her again. What is happening to her now?" We could not help weeping with her, and then I told her that Jesus had carried her in His arms, and that she was now with Him in Heaven, all her sorrow and pain for ever gone. Then the mother said: "Oh! how she used to sing 'There is a happy land.' And, 'Here we suffer grief and pain,' and other hymns." You ought to have seen the hope that beamed in her face when we told her that she would meet her little one again. We made her read 1st Thessalonians, iv from the xiii to xviii verses, and some other passages. She seemed to think her child would not live again, as it was thrown into the river, until Miss Wilson told her that even "the sea would give up its dead." Then we could see that she was comforted, for she wiped away her tears and began talking quite calmly, thanking us for our sympathy. A few days afterward, she lost her baby from the same disease, and as they moved from the neighborhood, the school has been closed for a time. I went to see her in her new abode, a few days ago, and I was quite pleased and surprised to see her happy peaceful look, and to hear her speak so cheerfully. She has asked me to let her have the children in the school brought together again in her new house, to teach them herself. She said it would occupy her time and keep her from dwelling on the loss of her children. She is a very good teacher, so pains-taking and patient with the little ones. She is learning English and can read quite well. She also reads the Bible and seems quite interested in it. She and her husband who is a native lawyer, do not believe in idols, and do not worship them, but they have not joined any other religious sect either. They may believe in Christianity secretly, but unless her husband publicly professes it, his wife will never be able to do so. When I left her she said: "The book you brought for me gives me so much comfort." It is called the Missionary's budgerow (or green boat). A little dying child is mentioned in it, and I know it makes her think of her own little ones, and she feels they are safe with

Jesus in Heaven. Pray, dear friends, that God would help us to be faithful in teaching these poor people, and that he would make this native lady especially a follower of our God and Saviour.

The Hindoos are very fond of proverbs, and their language is full of short pithy sayings, some of which have great beauty. They say, "The mother of many sons is never taken to the Ganges," *i.e.*, each shifts the responsibility. "The boat is now carried in the cart, the cart now carried in the boat," *i.e.*, the ups and downs of fortune. "He is between two minds, whether he should be burnt or buried," *i.e.*, be a Hindu or a Mussulman. "A service fleeting as the palm-leaf's shadow."

JAPAN—Yokohama.

Extracts of Letters from Mrs. Pruyn.

CHEERING NEWS.

July 21.—The prospects of the work are most encouraging. Dr. Hepburn says he believes we have been sent in answer to prayer, and to meet a felt want in this country. An editor of one of the daily papers requested information about the work of which he had heard rumors. He expressed the greatest readiness to aid the cause in any way, for the evil we came to remedy had so rapidly increased, it was difficult to know how it should be met. A physician stated that no work in this country could be of such importance as that for the young; for in the rapidly changing condition of things here, it is indispensable that those who are coming up in life should be prepared by civilization and Christianity to meet the new and progressive state of society which must inevitably present itself in a few years. He tells me there is not in the whole world a class of beings he regards as more unfortunate and wretched in their prospects than these semi-Japanese children, especially the girls. These are but examples of the spirit and feeling entertained here, and there is scarcely any doubt that the work will be aided pecuniarily by the residents here, after

the institution is once established and commends itself to the people.

On the steamer in which we came from America, were several Japanese gentlemen of influence and high position. I made the acquaintance of some of them, especially one who had been in our country to study our financial system. I had several conversations with him, and especially insisted on the importance of educating the women and girls. Another who heard us singing in our state-rooms, expressed strong desires that we might succeed in our plans, and said he wished we could open a "singing-school," as the women in this country never sing.

Aug. 4.—Last week a messenger came to see us from the governor of this place to enquire about our plans, having been instructed to do this by the officials at Yedo. He particularly enquired if we would teach women, and if one of our party could not go to Yedo at once for that purpose. Mr. Ballagh, who was mainly instrumental in my coming to Japan, has just had an interview with the governor who sent for him to see if arrangements could not be made to have one or two of us go to Miaco to teach in the families of the nobility there. Miaco is the old imperial capital—the residence of the Mikado from time immemorial until a few years ago, when, by the downfall of the Tycoon's dynasty, the Mikado's official residence was transferred to Yedo. No foreigners have ever been permitted to reside in Miaco, and nothing could possibly prove their eagerness for education more conclusively than their seeking the aid and introduction of foreigners for that purpose. The governor expressed the decided opinion that what was needed in this country was the education of *all* classes. Mr. Ballagh told the governor, what were the motives that brought us here, and that although we intended to teach all branches of useful knowledge, yet as Christian women, we could not refrain from trying to teach Christ—our Bible and its truths. He also said that we hoped in time to have a large institution there, and then probably we could take young ladies to board and instruct. This idea seemed to him wiser than to send separate teachers to each place.

From all this I am sure you must conclude that God has a

great work for our Society to do, and that He has greatly honored us in choosing us as the channel through which He will in one way send great blessings to this benighted land. I feel very deeply the importance of accepting the trust with open hearts and hands, and going forth boldly to take possession of our share of it in His name, trusting fully and entirely to Him to prepare the way and provide the means. Only by doing this will we honor Him and have a right to claim His blessing upon our work.

Extracts of Letters from Miss Crosby.

PROSPEROUS VOYAGE.

June 21.—The morning we left our native land dawned brightly upon us. Before we sailed, our kind friends commended us to the care of Him who holdeth the winds and waves in His hand, and especially supplicated a blessing upon the work we were entering upon. It was an hour never to be forgotten. Our hearts were warmed and encouraged by the sensible presence of the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, and as we joined in singing the hymn "My faith looks up to Thee," we each felt that faith strengthened, and were able to rest in Christ as our strength and portion with a peculiar confidence and joy.

The first two days of our voyage the sea was very rough and the weather unusually cold, but on the whole, we have had a favorable passage. The fourth day out we met a vessel bound for San Francisco, which had been out 165 days! Our captain gave them provisions and papers. As we near the shores of Japan, our work very naturally is becoming more and more of a reality to us. Yet we feel strengthened not only by the many tokens of love and mercy which our dear Father has given us all along our journey, but by the peaceful abiding assurance that He will be with us, removing every obstacle that may seem to stand in the way of the work to which He has called us.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL FESTIVAL.

August 4th.—We are studying the language, but cannot as yet feel very much encouraged in our progress. How I long to un-

derstand it, that I may be able to speak of Jesus to the poor perishing women around me. On Tuesday last, some of us attended a very pleasant Sunday-school festival at the Public Garden, which belongs to the English residents. A church service is held in Dr. Hepburn's dispensary, and Mrs. Hepburn, with some assistants, has a Sunday-school of foreign children in the same room in the afternoon. A little entertainment is given the children during the summer, and as I looked upon them at this time, I could not realize that I was in a heathen land, 8000 miles from home.

Extracts of letters from Mrs. Pierson.

INTEREST IN THE NEW HOME.

It would be useless to attempt any description of this marvelously beautiful land. Last evening I longed for those I love to see the charming picture before me. We are on a high hill, and could see in the light of the full moon the ocean, looking like molten silver. In a valley was a little Japanese town, where in numerable lights sparkled, making it look almost like a magic scene.

We find the people as interesting as the country. Although so long strangers to their Father's love, bowing in ignorant idolatry, they have awakening desires for the truth. I never knew a people so thirsty for knowledge. Oh! that they may drink from the fountain head and find joy and peace in believing.

I enjoy the study of the language, although taxing my patience and perseverance to the utmost. I gave my teacher, who understands English quite well, St. John's account of the crucifixion to read, explaining it to him by the way. He seemed very incredulous, but I long to have his belief yield to the light. I think we shall be happy in our new home, doing the work God has given us, and the thought that your prayers ascend to heaven for this blessed cause strengthens our hearts.

Reports of Bible-Readers and Schools.

SMYRNA.

Extracts of Letters from the Misses Siraganian.

I rejoice to be able to assure the Christian sisters in America that our school, thanks to our kind Heavenly Father, was never held in higher estimation among people of every class and degree. Not a few, when in circumstances of trouble, or difficulty, send to beg a remembrance in our prayers, saying: "God will surely hear and answer your petitions, *for you are trying to do His will.*" Four years ago, you will recollect what a persecution the Armenians raised against us, unmercifully beating our scholars wherever they found them, dragging them forcibly, by the hair of the head, into the schools of the priests, and repeatedly pelting our windows with stones, thereby endangering the heads of the children within, and greatly disturbing our peace. The chief leader in that outburst of fanaticism was a priest, "Father Jacob" by name. Will you believe it, that same man now meekly goes to one of our nearest and most friendly neighbors, and begs them to intercede with us in his behalf, that, forgetting the past, we would receive into our school his little grandchild. We, of course, replied, "Let the child come." This same man walked the streets, at that time, denouncing our school whenever he found any of the parents of our pupils, and assuring the poor people, that if they persisted in sending their children to our school, they should be turned out of their "Free Inns," (a charitable provision,) and their scanty monthly stipend be withheld, a threat which was actually carried out in the case of such as dared resist.

The wife of the English Consul invited us to occupy a little stand at her "Bazaar for the Poor." We did so, and took some work done in the school to dispose of, as well as some of the pretty fancy articles you had sent us, that with the avails we might buy warm clothes and shoes for the poor. Perhaps you will recollect sending us an American flag, the work of some blind person. It lay upon our parlor table for some time, the admiration of every one who saw it. One Armenian gentleman exclaimed, as he ex-

amined it, "Blessed country, where even the blind in their skillful work surpass the seeing ones of our land." This flag we offered for sale, and a noble-looking matron approaching the table, and spying its label, "Work of the Blind," gladly paid the sum affixed, and passed on, caressing and kissing with the glee of a pleased child what she seemed to consider her treasure from afar, and eagerly exhibiting it to her companions and friends. "O!" said I to myself, "with the price of it two pairs of shoes will be bought, and four little bare feet, red with cold and sore with chilblains, will be covered and warmed." If our dear blind friend could stretch out the hand and thus warm and cheer our poor, what a weighty duty remains to us that are whole to fulfill.

CHITTOOR---INDIA.

Extract of a letter from Mrs. Jared Scudder, *with a translation of the report of our Bible-Reader supported by ladies in Flatbush, L. I.*

Enclosed is the report of your Bible-reader. I think it will show that she is doing a good work. Perhaps it will be interesting to you to know exactly the number with whom she daily converses and visits. She has visited at eighty houses, in which she has made four hundred and ninety-six visits, and read and conversed with eleven hundred and thirty-three persons. Her hearers have amounted in all, to seven thousand two hundred and seventy-six souls. This seems to me a great work for one woman to do, and I hope those who afford us the means of supporting this reader will feel that they are engaged in contributing to a great and glorious work.

A translation of the report of Gnaua, *the Pure.*

By the goodness of God, I have had the privilege of testifying of the grace of God in Christ to the families of many native Christians, Mohammedans and servants employed by the European ladies and gentlemen of Chittoor. During this year I am happy to say that very many have willingly heard the simple truths of Christianity, and showed a great desire to learn about

them. I should like to speak of many interesting conversations which I have had with the heathen, but they would occupy more space and time than I can afford. In one of my visits, while I was speaking of the life of the blessed Saviour, the wife of a housekeeper asked me, "If your God be a true one, tell Him to give me food and raiment." I replied, "If the true God does not help you by giving you strength of body and good eyes, how would you be able to find grass fields and cut them, and so get your living? So in this way the true God does feed and clothe you." I was visiting at one of the gentlemen's houses on one occasion, and met about ten women and two men. I read to them from the gospel of Matthew, 6th chapter, 24th to 34th verse, and spoke a few words on these verses. One of the hearers, being a Romanist, said, "How can I deny what I have heard when I go to confession?" I said, "You should only fear Jesus the High Priest, for He gives everything." I sent to her twelve chapters of the Gospel of Luke, and gave her some good advice. Since then, she has been foremost in collecting the people for me, and has always heard the Word of God with great attention. I once had the opportunity of meeting a few Mohammedan women, and spoke to them of Christ, and salvation purchased by Him. They declared that they had never heard of such a thing before. In one of my visits to a village near here, I saw some women whom I had met in a bazaar, and thought it would be a grand opportunity of making known Christ and Him crucified to them. In the course of our conversation I spoke of the fall of man, Christ, and judgment. One of the women began to beat her breast and cry. I spoke a few comforting words to her, and, taking her away privately, read to her a part of Galatians, and prayed with her. I am glad to say that she has since learned the Lord's Prayer, and Apostles' Creed. In conclusion, I beg you, kind ladies, to remember me in your prayers, so that the God of Israel may bless His work, and that many more may hear His word and follow it.

HOME DEPARTMENT.

ADDED FORCES.

THE summer months, which we trust have brought by their rest and recreation, a renewal of strength and vigor to our many kind readers, have left pleasing traces upon the record of our Society. Four ladies have left us for work in distant lands, and we believe such an accession of consecrated Christian talent to the working force already in the field will, with God's blessing, be deeply and widely effective. Miss Margaret Kyle, a lady of long experience as a teacher in one of our large cities, and unusually fitted in heart and mind for the field she has chosen, sailed on the 15th of August, for Athens, Greece. She will there have charge of a native school for girls connected with the mission-work of Dr. Kalapothakes. This field, which is new to the work of this Society, but made precious by the memory of the late Rev. Jonas King, is one of exceeding interest, as every reader of sacred and profane history must admit; and we can but feel that God has in store rich blessings for many an Athenian girl, in guiding to them, as a teacher, one of such faith, energy, and zeal. On the 6th of September, Miss Seelye of Cleveland, Ohio, Miss Seward of Coxsackie, N. Y., and Miss Guthrie of Philadelphia sailed for India *via* Liverpool. The first two went out as medical missionaries, having passed a thorough course of lectures and hospital practice to fit them for their profession. The entire expenses of Miss Seelye were defrayed by the Phil'a Branch, who supplied her with a most liberal medical outfit, and are pledged to pay her yearly support; while one half of Miss Guthrie's necessities are met by the same energetic Branch. As these are the first medical ladies who have gone out under the auspices of this Society, we shall watch with great interest the additional advantages they may possess for securing the love and confidence of their suffering sisters. It is a pleasant thought, that Jesus, the great Physician, who

came to this earth to save men's souls from death, did not think it unworthy of His mission to minister to their physical wants, and thus won many to follow Him. So may we hope that this instrumentality may be the means appointed by God, not only for carrying relief to their bodily sufferings, but for ministering that precious balm which shall save them unto life eternal. The arrangements for the departure of these ladies were necessarily made when very many were absent from the city. The farewell meetings of the Society held either in New York or Brooklyn, just prior to the departure of our missionaries, have afforded many pleasant opportunities for forming acquaintances, which, though brief, have strengthened heart and hand for the work. For the sake of all who love to carry in their memories the features and voices of those who represent us in the foreign field, we regret to have lost an occasion which would have been so full of interest. We think of this most efficient corps of workers, one and all, as even now mingling in the strange scenes of their new homes, and would commend them to the prayerful remembrance of all our readers, that the benediction of Heaven may rest on them and their work. C. A. R.

OFFERING FROM THE "ISLES OF THE SEA."

One of the most beautiful gifts we have ever received came to us a few weeks ago from the native Christian women of Hilo Hawaii, in the Sandwich Islands. Mrs. Coan had interested them in our mission to the zenana women of India, and writes to us: "It has been the habit of the native women of our church to hold an annual meeting for the special object of contributing to such charities as interest them most. Such a meeting has just been held, and the contributions amounted to $184.00, fifty of which they appropriated to the "Woman's Union Miss. Soc." One of the pupils in a boarding-school I started many years ago, has written a letter to accompany this gift.

LETTER FROM THE NATIVE CHRISTIAN WOMEN.

"The peace of God be upon the women of the 'Union Miss. Soc.' Love to you, with joy and blessings. God has returned

to us our father and mother who have taught us the way of salvation. They have told us of the new work you have taken up among the deluded ones, who think light is darkness and darkness light. The light is as noonday on Hawaii, and knowledge is extending.

"Where are you,* beloved fellow-workers? Be strong in love and patience in helping on your heavy work.

"On the 31st of July the Benevolent Association of the women of this church met and contributed money to your good work. May God be with you now and in the future. So may you always remember the girls and women bound in the chains of darkness and death.

"May love and peace be with you.

"On behalf of the women of Hilo who send their love and respects. MRS. HANA MAKAENA."

NATIVE CHRISTIANS IN INDIA.

PEOPLE very naturally ask what is the character of those Christians who have been baptized. Now English Christians should bear in mind what is the character of the mass of Christian people in their own country. It is not fair to judge Christians in India by some imaginary standard; on the contrary, we ought to expect more of Christians at home than of Christians in India. For centuries we have as a nation had the gospel preached to us, and every child has learned something about the Lord Jesus Christ from its earliest years. Every child is the object of tender Christian regard from some pastor, or from some lay agent, male or female, with certain exceptions, in our large towns and cities. It makes a great difference whether the gospel has been long in a country or not. A person who has had great experience in female instruction in South India, has given her testimony in a report which she has sent home, that she could see a difference in girls whose parents had in childhood received a Christian education, and those whose parents, though now Christians had not been under Christian instruction in their early years. There are certain pre-

* A *very* common Hawaiianism designed to call attention.

judices and faults ingrained in the Hindu mind which are utterly inconsistent with Christianity, and although in some striking individual cases they have been laid aside altogether, yet as a general rule they do cleave to those who were formerly heathen. Nevertheless the missionaries bear testimony that their people do in various ways walk worthily of their Christian calling, that they are more regular in their attendance on divine worship, and that a larger proportion of them have family prayer than seems to be the case in England. And not only the missionaries, but every one who visits the Churches in South India, testify how attentive, as a rule, the congregations are while the service is going on, and how heartily they join in the various parts of it. And what is the number of communicants? It is one-fifth of the whole number of Christian men, women and children. What clergyman of a parish in England is not most thankful if 100 of every 500 of his people are communicants.

Look at another class of these native Christians—the catechists. No missionary employs a catechist, unless he can testify that he believes him to know the grace of God himself, and to be capable of imparting spiritual instruction to others. Now there are between 300 and 350 catechists connected with the Church Mission Society. Supposing that the missionaries are deceived about some of them, they are not deceived about all, or even about the majority. We may assuredly believe that the majority of these catechists are such men as we desire them to be. Another class is our native pastors. Of these there are now seventy-eight in the diocese, of whom fifty are connected with this Society. These are men who have been selected out of the body of catechists, after long training and watching. The missionaries have seen them, the neighboring Christians have seen them, their brother agents have seen them; they are well known and well tried; and it is not till after this long trial and process, that the missionary brings them forward, and presents them to the bishop as candidates for ordination, and the bishop, after having received satisfactory testimony as to their character, examines them to see whether their theological knowledge, and other attainments, are sufficient. Supposing we had only these fifty native clergymen to point to as

the spiritual results of all the expenditure of this Society upon South India, ought we not to be most thankful to Almighty God? Remember that these men are not merely living for their own salvation; they have given themselves up to the preaching of the Gospel to others. Each one of them is a shining light giving light to many in the dark world around them. And this testimony has been borne respecting them, especially in the case of those who have ended their labors and gone to their rest.—*Church Missionary.*

THE TWO IVERS.

A Friend of our cause from Baltimore, on the birth of a little son, sent us a gift to our treasury commemorative of her new happiness. She lately sent us on his first birthday, the contents of his "Missionary Box," and accompanied it with these words: "The first of every month with his own little hand, he put in his offering, and I would in prayer thank God that He has spared him to do it. I have dedicated him to the great Creator and do pray that he may carry the glad tidings to heathen lands. The other donation is from my little boy's grandmother, who is eighty-one, and has blessed the fourth generation. I often think they may never again send their offering together."

The position of woman in China is between that which she occupies in Christian and Mahommedan and other heathen countries. Their most earnest prayer is that they may be men in the next state of existence. In many families girls have no individual names, but are simply called No. Two, Three, Four, etc. When married, they are Mr. So-and-So's wife; and when they have sons, they are such and such a boy's mother. Women are treated with more respect and consideration as they advance in years; mothers are regarded with great affection and tenderness, and grandmothers are sometimes almost worshiped.—*Rev. J. L. Nevius.*

MISSION-BAND DEPARTMENT.

FOURTH OF JULY IN CALCUTTA.

I WANT to tell you of a frolic we had yesterday. You must not be shocked at the idea of staid and sober missionaries having a frolic, for we have a number of children now in the house and must give them some pleasure. We have never been able to unfurl the splendid flag given us, and have it wave over our house because we found we would be charged $100.00 for a flag-staff. But we have draped it beautifully in our parlor—and there every one who comes in, sees the glorious flag of our country with its beautiful stars and stripes. Yesterday we had it waving, and in the afternoon we gave our twenty-one orphans a half holiday and bought them some fire-crackers.

The day before, when the children came up after prayers, I said, "Do you know to-morrow, Fourth of July, is a great holiday in our country?" "Oh! let us have a holiday," they all exclaimed. "But you are not Americans," I said. "Oh, yes," they all cried, "we *are* American orphans and America is a great, good country." So we consented to give them a holiday, and showed them how to light the fire-crackers, for they had never seen such a thing before. Then we gave them a feast, and wound up the evening by playing games with them. It was the grandest day they ever had in their lives—and they will long remember it. When they began to fire off the crackers, I made them first all stand still and shout, "Hurrah for America." This they did several times—and again, whilst they were playing with the crackers without my telling them, they would stop and together shout "Hurrah for America." If the legitimate way to celebrate Fourth of July is with plenty of noise, we did it without doubt. I never saw such happy children in my life, and many a time I did wish that you could have peeped in at us for a minute, and seen the delight and pride with which those children called themselves American Orphans.

H. G. BRITTAN.

MY PICNIC.

BY A LITTLE HINDOO GIRL.

Last Friday was the last day of our school, and our teachers took us out for a picnic to a beautiful place where there was a large mango grove. Every thing was arranged very nicely for us. A large swing was put up in one of the trees, and we had several pieces of rope to skip with, and we had a lunch of sweetmeats and fruit. When we went there we began to play and swing, and we enjoyed ourselves in various ways ; but I will not stop to tell you any more about it now, because I wish to tell you of another subject which I hope will interest you.

While all the girls were playing about, my aunty, my cousin Lizzie and I were walking a little way off from the rest, and talking about the pretty scenes around us. In the meantime, we saw a small village which was a little distance off, so my aunty thought she would go there and tell the people some thing about the true God. She asked two men who were plowing in the fields the way to the village. At first they answered very angrily, and said, "Your children have been playing under the tree where our goddess is, and so they have spoiled our sacred place and destroyed our goddess." Then my aunt said, "If you believe that your goddess can take care of you and your children, and do great things, how can these children destroy it so easily?" Then they kept silent, and showed us the way. At the door of the first house to which we went, we found two women sitting, and an old woman standing near who took us to her home which was near by. We entered a square court by a door, and there were rooms all about it. In a row of white-washed rooms, the old woman, her sons with their wives and children lived, and in the other rooms were cattle. These people were rich farmers. The woman continued to talk with us, and insisted that we should sit down. Aunty said, "Come with us ; the girls will sing you some nice hymns about God." One of the sons said, "My mother does not like to hear hymns. She has taken a vow, and has separated herself from all her own children, and does not eat nor drink any

thing from our hands." Aunty asked him, "What will be the use of all this? Will she gain salvation by it?" He answered, "No. But if she fulfill her vow, she will know the time of her death four days beforehand, and will have time to divide her property among the members of her family, and to be carried to the river Ganges two days before her end, where she will give gifts to the poor and to the Brahmins, and spend the remainder of her time in meditating on God and repeating his name. After her death we will burn her body and cast it into the river." Aunty asked him again, "Will she then gain salvation?" He answered, "We do not know. You worship but one God, and hope to get salvation; but we have nothing like this. We worship many gods, and yet have no hope." Aunty said to him, "Why do you not believe in the true God?" He pointed to his children, and said, "Where shall I leave these?" Aunty said, "Bring them all with you also. Your condition is like this: a man may build a beautiful house, and have good and handsome furniture in it, and then place you in it, but give you no food to eat. What will become of you then? Of what pleasure will all those things be to you?" He replied, "None at all." Then she said, "Although you are rich, and have plenty of good things to enjoy, still your poor souls die hungry and thirsty." His mother said to her younger son, "Listen what good things they are telling us." Then aunty said to him, "Have you not received children, property, and all other good things from God, who is our Heavenly Father? But you have left Him, and worship idols. But although you have displeased Him, and do not give Him your hearts, yet He loves you, and has showed his great love by sending His only Son into this world to die for your sins. None of you would like to give away your son; but you see God has done so; and therefore whosoever will believe in Him will have salvation." While we were talking, they all listened very attentively, and said, "These are very good things." Then we made them salams and came away. I think I have now told you all about our preaching, and hope you will be glad to read it.

SOPHIE BEHARSA.

HAPPY CARRIE.

Imagine a child ten years old, with bright black eyes, dark complexion, nut-brown curly hair, head thrown back, and figure slight and erect as an Indian, although living in Bulgaria. She is clad in a striped brown woolen dress, just low enough in the neck, and long enough at the feet to reveal the edges of the heavy cotton undergarments, which are embroidered with colored yarn. Sometimes she wears stockings and shoes. But, best of all, Carrie's countenance is radiant with the realization of the truth that she is one of Jesus' little lambs. Only a few weeks after her arrival, her teacher said to her one evening, "My lamb, it seems you are not sleepy to-night. Why do you not go to sleep?"

"Because I am thinking."

"Thinking of what?"

"O teacher! I do not know whether Jesus loves me or not."

"Did He ever invite little children to come to Him?"

She repeated the passage, "Suffer little children."

"Well, who is this for?"

Rising from her couch she exclaimed, "It is not for you, is it? You are not a child. No: these words are for me, *for me!*"

Jesus did not leave dear Carrie long to wonder if He loved her; and when, two weeks later, she knelt in the little girls' prayer-meeting, and poured out her soul in thanksgiving to the precious Saviour, every heart was gladdened. The next day she went to the little girl whose short stature seemed to be her passport into school, and putting her arms around her, said, "Why don't you come into our meetings?" A reason was given. "Oh!" she replied, "Satan gives you that reason, but Jesus won't listen to it. I love you very dearly, and want you to come to meeting; won't you?" The little girl could not withstand the simple, earnest entreaty, and a few days after, I found her alone, reading with tears the eleventh chapter of Luke.—*Missionary News.*

SPRING FESTIVAL.

SEVERAL of the "Bands" have asked for information concerning the fair to be given by our energetic Brooklyn friends next spring. It is to be held in Easter week, and it is hoped will be worthy of the season. The committee of ladies who have it in charge, will gladly welcome any contributions from our Mission Bands throughout the land. These can be forwarded directly to Mrs. S. B. Chittenden, 18 Pierrepont st., or Miss M. Messenger, 27 Pierrepont st., Brooklyn.

NEW MISSION BANDS.

"Carrie Loring Memorial;" Supt. Miss McKee, Columbus, Ohio.

"Willing Hands;" Supt. Miss Carrie E. Pratt, Sherburne, N. Y.

"Luann Band," Redding, Conn.; Mrs. T. C. Beach, Pres., Miss Julia Banram, Vice-Pres., Miss Lina Treadwell, Treas.

The "Pentecost Band," in Brooklyn, formed last spring, desire to support a child in Miss Higby's school, Bassein, Burmah. Mrs. D. Goodrich is Supt., Miss Eugenia M. Davis is Sec., Miss Emma L. Seamen is Treas.

Kingston, Ontario, "Evy Hamilton" Band, Sup., Mrs. Clark Hamilton, in memoriam of one of Jesus' little lambs, "who, being dead, yet speaketh."

NEW BAND OF KENTUCKY BRANCH.

"Bishop Whittle," per Miss Sallie Booth, Louisville, Ky.

NEW LIFE MEMBERS.

Miss Margaret Duncan, Haverhill, Mass.
Mrs. Joshua Pratt, by Mission Band "Willing Hands," Sherburne, N. Y.
Mrs. Jeremy Drake, Boston, Mass.
Mrs. Fannie T. Mattison, by Millstone, N. J., Aux.
Miss Margaret M. McKissack, " " "
Mrs. Joel B. Nott, by "Hamilton Union" Mission Band, Guilderland, N. J.
Mrs. H. N. Lester, by Mission Band "Lilies of the Valley," Binglamton. N. Y.
Mrs. E. M. Noyes, by Mission Band " " " " "
Mrs. Huntting M. Hedges, by S.S. of Pres. Ch., Bridgehampton L. I.
Mrs. John Davies, by "Calcutta Band," South Norwalk, Conn.

We gratefully acknowledge: A box of tin and wooden ware, and other useful articles, from "North-Star Mission Band," for Mrs. Starr and Miss North, in Peking, China.—— Also, a box from "D. M. Miller Band," Bridgehampton, L. I.

Donation from Kentucky Branch: A calico quilt, pieced by George Zophar Dimmitt, of Perryville, Ky., a little boy seven years old. It was quited by the ladies of the Perryville Band.

Receipts *of the Woman's Union Missionary Society, from Aug.* 1 *to Oct.* 1, 1871.

Auxiliaries and Mission Bands.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Haverhill, "Haverhill Zenana Missionary Society," Mrs. S. J. Brown, Treas., to constitute Miss Margaret Duncan, Life Member $50 00

NEW YORK.

Albany, "Albany Branch," Mrs. Fred. Townsend, Treas., viz.: Miss E. D. Nott, for the "Hamilton Union" Band of Guilderland, N. Y., to cons. Mrs. Joel B. Nott, Life Member, 50. Mrs. S. B. Woolworth, of 1st Presb. ch., annual subscription, 10, Sunday-school of 1st Ref. ch., by Mr. Chas. Van Zandt, Superintendent, annual subscription, 40, for "Mite Boxes," 30. Total from Albany Branch 130 00

Bridgehampton, L. I., S. S. of Presb. ch., per Mrs. D. M. Miller, to cons. Mrs. Huntting M. Hedges, Life Member 50 00

Brooklyn, Class of 1865, Packer Institute, per Mrs. Mary Bradshaw Fay 2 00

Clinton, "Brittan Band," per Mrs. H. C. Wood 31 00

East Avon, "Willing Workers," per Miss M. E. Dooer, for Smyrna 20 00

South Owego, "Highland Band," per Miss M. F. Wilsey 20 00

Washington Heights, "Little Charitables," per Mrs. Grinnell, for child in Calcutta 10 00

Washingtonville, "Ever Ready" Band, per Miss Jeannie C. Dennis, ton 20 00

$283 00

NEW JERSEY.

Chatham, "Passaic Wild Flowers," per Miss Sarah Wallace 50 00

Elizabeth, Elizabeth Branch, Mrs. E. K. Pardee, Treas., of which, from Mrs. F. Hotchkiss and Mrs. R. W. Hotchkiss, 20 ..... 37 50

Hackensack, Miss M. J. Spear, per "Budding Promise" Band 5 00

"Chase" Mission Band, per Mrs. W. Williams 72 10

Millstone, "Millstone Woman's Union Mission Band." Mrs. L. A. Van Devorst, Treas., for the Orphanage in Japan, and to cons. Miss Margaret McKissack and Mrs. Fanny T. Mattison, Life Members 100 00

Princeton, "Phœbe Maclean" Band per Mrs. C. S. Olden 20 00

Roselle, "Earnest Workers" Miss Bessie D. Hope, Treas 20 00

$304 60

PENNSYLVANIA.

Philadelphia, Philadelphia Branch, Miss A. M. Kennard, Treas. for passage of Miss Seelye and in part of Miss Guthrie, to Calcutta, with incidental expenses of their journey 840 28

For outfit of Miss Guthrie 333 34

For July Links 53 36

For Leaflets 3 60

$1,230 58

Total, from Auxiliaries and Mission Bands $1,868 18

Other Contributions.

VERMONT.

East Poultney, Mrs. Caroline M. Moore, Collector $5 00

MASSACHUSETTS.

Pittsfield, Rev. George W. Colman ... $5 00

CONNECTICUT.

Norwalk, Miss C. E. Raymond, for Kardoo $9 00

NEW YORK.

Binghamton, Miss Theo. D. Lockwood, Coll'r, viz: Mrs. Elias Hawley, 2. Mrs. S. M. Ely, 1. Miss Kate McKean, 1, Miss C. Ely, 1, Mrs. E. K. Clark, 10. Mrs. Judson Smith, 1. Miss E. Smith, 1, Mrs. P. Lockwood, 3, Miss T. Lockwood, 2 ..... 23 00

Brooklyn, Mrs Wm. C. Hull, Coll'r, viz: Mrs. Wm. E. Anderiese, 5, Mrs. B. H Howell, 5, Mrs. M. Banks, 3, Mrs. Wm. L. Wood. 2, Mrs. H. W. Banks, 5, Mrs. D. A. Eldredge, 3. Miss D. J. Corwin, 2, Mrs. D. R. James, 5, Mrs. Wm. C. Hull, 3 ..... 33 00

From Flora C. White's money box, per Mrs. G. C. White 2 00

Fulton, Mrs. C. E. Salmon 20 00

Gouverneur, Mrs. Lewis B. Parsons .. 2 00

New York, Mrs. Wm. D. Coit 5 00

For the work in Athens, per Miss M. Kyle 10 00

Mrs. Anson Phelps Stokes, in addition for Miss Caddy's salary 100 00

Mrs. C. O. Halsted, per Mrs. T. C. Doremus, for Orphanage in Calcutta 20 00

Mrs. D. J. Ely and Mrs. Mary Ely Miller, for sup. of Bible-reader in Satara..... 50 00
Mrs. George Ireland.....100 00
A little boy, for India and Africa.... 2 00
Mrs. C. L. Spencer, for books, &c., to be sent to Calcutta.....200 00
Pavillion, Mrs. M. J. Dexter, from Miss Eliza Taylor, 2, for Kardoo, 1..... 3 00
Rochester, Mrs. J Van Voorhis, for sup. of "Ruth," in Mrs. Ingall's care, Rangoon..... 45 00
Rome. Rome Auxiliary, Miss Mary Armstrong, Treas., for sup. of Miss Chase..... .....400 00
Scarborough, Miss Annie Boorman, annual subscriber.....100 00
Syracuse, Mrs. Robert Townsend, for Kardoo..... 1 50

$1,116 50

NEW JERSEY.

Orange, J. W. Stickler, Esq., for sup. of Miss Butler.....300 00
Trenton, Miss A. R. Stephenson, Coll'r, from St. Michael's ch., Mrs. Meyer, 3, Mrs. Morer, 1, Miss Thorn, 1..... 5 00

$305 00

DELAWARE.

Port Penn, Miss S. B. Cleaver, for Kardoo..... 87

MARYLAND.

Baltimore, Miss Jackson, for pictures 1 00
Missionary box of Charles Stephen Rogers, 1.82, membership of his great-grandmother, 1..... 2 82

$3 82

VIRGINIA.

Alexandria, Miss Georgie Worthington..... $2 00

TENNESSEE.

Knoxville, Mrs. Eleanor Howard Smith.....$10 00

Mana Madura, India, Mrs. S. B. Capron..... $5 00
Hilo, Sandwich Islands, native Christian women, per Mrs. Fidelia Coan..... ....$57 00

Subscriptions for Missionary Link, of which, from Miss M. M. McKissack, President of Millstone, (N. J.) Mission Band, 28, Mrs. Van Lennep, 17, Miss Smith, 3, Mrs. Vanderbeck, 3.50, Mrs. Church, for Link and "Kardoo," 2. .....$76 00

Total, other contributions.....$1,595 19

Total from Aux's. & Miss. Bands...1.868 18

Total, from Aug. 1st, to Oct. 1st...$3,463 37

Receipts *of* Philadelphia Branch, *from Aug.* 1, *to Oct.* 1, 1871.

Mrs. Isaac S. Williams' collection:
Mrs. McCurdy, 5; Mrs. M. Hill, 5; Mrs. Lucy Tingley, 5; Mrs. Buckley, 1; Mrs. A. Buckley, 1; Mrs. Ed. McIntire, 1; Mrs. Joseph Seaver, 1; Mrs. Chas. Peneveyer, 1; Mrs. Hugg, 1; Mrs. Chapman, 2; Miss Mary Johnson, 1; Miss Stroud, 1; Mrs. Anna Coates, 1; Miss Kohler, 1; Miss Brown, 1; Miss Smith, 1; Miss S. Smith, 1; Miss Fanny Simmons, 1; Miss Maria Simons, 1; Miss Eliza Whelan, 1; Miss Emily Newbold, 1; Miss Anna Massey, 1; Miss Anne Thomas, 1; Mrs. H. Shillingford, 1; Miss Lillie Hill, 1..... 39 00
Miss M. A. Longstreth's collection for mission in Calcutta:
Elizabeth M. Farnum, 20; Mrs. Robert R. Willets, 5..... 25 00
Mrs. Isaac Williams' list of subscribers to the Link..... 12 00
Annual subscribers..... 2 00

$78 00

A. M. KENNARD, *Treasurer.*

Miss Kyle wishes gratefully to acknowledge the receipt of various sums for her own personal use, in connection with her work.

$79.00 from the ladies of Phillip's Church, South Boston.

$16.00 from the Mite Society of the same church.

$2.00 from Miss C.

Also $100 from Deacon and Mrs. Drake, for the Chapel at Athens.

And many tokens of interest, which in her new home will be constant reminders of the dear friends here.

She desires particularly to thank Mrs. Shepard, Mrs. Drake, and Mrs. Morse for their unwearied kindness to herself, from love to the Master. Part of the money has been used in the purchase of books, and the rest will be devoted to that, or similar purposes.

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